

Good Morning

\$74

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



WHEN the news of the human torpedoes was released, four of the pioneers were named.

First time the tin-fish went into action, an Italian cruiser and a large transport were sunk.

The first attack was made in January, 1943, against Palermo harbour, in Sicily, when the human torpedoes eluded the Italian watch, slipped under the nets, and selected their targets.

One craft, manned by Lieut. R. T. G. Greenland, R.N.V.R., and Leading Signalman A. Ferrier, attacked and sank the 5,311-ton Italian Regolo class cruiser Ulpio Traiano, which was completing for service.

The second, manned by Sub-Lieut. R. G. Dove, R.N.V.R., and Leading Seaman J. Frell, attacked the transport Viminale, of 8,500 tons, and so damaged her that she sank when being towed for repairs.



Lieut. R. T. G. Greenland

The four men who made this initial attack got away. They reached the shore safely and were made prisoners of war, with two others from a third torpedo which had been after other targets.

The Ministry of Information story that was circulated to national newspapers says:

Each torpedo is manned by two men in diving suits, sitting astride.

Their tiny, deadly craft is the same size as an ordinary torpedo, the cigar-shaped projectile which everyone has seen in photographs.

But instead of being adjusted, directed and discharged at a distance against its target, the human tin-fish is ridden up to its quarry—slowly and gently.

Its power is an electric battery, and the destructive charge, the warhead, is attached to the nose.

When the torpedo nears its target it is submerged. The two men in the diving suits drive it under the ship—and there take off the warhead and attach it to the vessel's plating. Time fuses are set, and then



Lieut. R. G. Dove

the human torpedo, minus its warhead, is driven away to be clear of the target area before the charges detonate.

Lieut. GREENLAND, who was awarded the D.S.O. for his action, was before the war a "River Rat." The "River Rat" Club, before the war, used to sail a 14-ton yacht, the "Henriette," from Ipswich round the River Orwell and across the North Sea—in any weather—to Holland.

Then, after a few hours ashore, they would turn her round and sail her back again.

They were members of the Orwell Yachting Club.

And in January, 1940, the "River Rats," fifteen of them, joined the Navy together as ordinary seamen. Most of them went to the little ships, but they finished up together aboard the R.N.V.R. training ship "King Alfred" as sub-lieutenants.

Leader and owner-skipper of the ancient but good yacht "Henriette" was young Richard Greenland, of East Bergholt, Suffolk.

And when the news broke, "River Rats" all over the world drank his health.

Lieut. Greenland's father tells this tale:

"Richard wanted to join the Navy when he left school, but that wasn't possible, and he became a representative of a firm of tobacco manufacturers.

"He was the complete daredevil. Time and again his employers rang up to inquire where he was—and I knew where he'd be—on the 'Henriette'."

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

EVEN if you give up all your worldly possessions, put on a sackcloth garb, and take a vow to shun the outside world, you cannot escape such earthly problems as the black-out and pay-as-you-earn income tax.

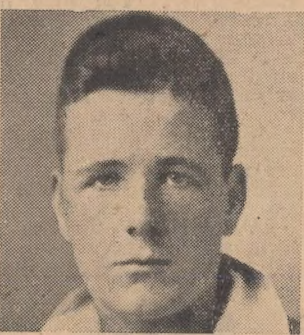
I have just been speaking to a brotherhood of monks in a famous monastery. They cannot escape the war—there is even a flying bomb crater in their monastery garden!

Some monks of kindred orders have seclusion imposed on them so strictly that they may not even converse with each other without the permission of the priest in charge. But even the strictest Cistercian monks have found that Whitehall has rudely interrupted their cloistered seclusion with hundreds of Statutory Rules and Orders.

The monastery I visited has long been famous for its worldliness. They even have the telephone, and one of the most kind-hearted and experienced of the brethren went out once a week to speak on a soap-box in a public park about his religious beliefs.

But even this up-to-date monastery has had to toe the line with war restrictions, and Whitehall has added to the bombardment with Statutory Orders and pay-as-you-earn income tax forms.

No curtains had been fitted to the monastery windows in the 500 years of their life. By the dim light of an oil lamp monks had studied over their books at night. At the outbreak of war the huge library (one of the most valuable libraries of up-to-date religious books in Britain) was transferred to a bomb-proof dun-



L/S J. Frell

geon. But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.



L/S A. Ferrier

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (the Polish V.C.). Later he was seriously wounded.

SUB-LT. RODNEY GEORGE DOVE, R.N.V.R., who also wins the D.S.O., is the son of a Wallington, Surrey, butcher.

Said his mother: "Rodney went to Dulwich College. He was never particularly good at games, and though he liked to swim, he won no medals. He was quite ordinary, you know.

"But he was simply terribly anxious to join the Navy, and he succeeded in doing so when he was nineteen."

Sub-Lieut. Dove has a 20-year-old sister who is a nurse at Westminster Hospital.

Leading Seaman James Michael Frell, 24, who wins the C.G.M., is one of a family of seven sons and two daughters born in Duke Street, Barrow. His father is a riveter.

Said his mother: "He always

ferred to a bomb-proof dun-

geon.

But now the monks have to patrol the whole building on fire guard duties, and in case there might be an "incident" it has been necessary to black-out all the windows so that lights can be put on in an emergency.

At another monastery of the Cistercian Order, Father Bertin, the monastery accountant, has had to turn away for a while from the massive brass-bound devotional books in the chapel and master the problems presented by pay-as-you-earn income tax.

This is the first time any of the monks have had to trouble with income tax, for they give all their personal possessions to the monastery. But to keep their community self-supporting they have to employ outside labour, for whom income tax returns have to be made.

A private branch exchange has been fitted to the monastery telephone, so that the monks, whose seclusion has been so shattered by war, can deal more efficiently with the worldly affairs that have been thrust upon them.

The local headquarters of the National Council for Social Service rely on the monastery community to help out with

had a hankering for the sea, and he joined the Navy when he was sixteen.

"After he joined the Submarine Service for special duty he was reported missing. But we felt sure he would turn up."

The other C.G.M. winner, Leading Signalman Alexander (Sandy) Ferrier, younger son of Mrs. Ferrier, of South Street, Elgin, also joined the Navy when he was sixteen. He is twenty-four.

He was on the Polish destroyer "Grom" when she was sunk by German bombers at the second battle of Narvik, and received the Cross of Valour (



Don't say Boo to Wild Geese

By Fred Kitchen

IT was a wretched morning, and Jesse, probing his way through an icy fog that spread like a wet blanket over the fields, was wondering if he was keeping a straight line or making circles.

His work lay on the far side of the swampy marsh, where the higher and drier grass had been broken up and drilled with wheat, and, of course, Jesse's job was to clean out the ditches.

A grey form loomed through the fog, and in that grey atmosphere it looked like a ghost.

It was a monstrous wild goose, and Jesse, thinking it was lost in the fog, contemplated its capture, either dead or alive, for a goose is too great a prize to be left lying about—with Christmas time drawing on.

He carried a stout stick to help him along over the boggy ground, and approached a little nearer, with murderous intent, when the goose stretched out its neck and "hissed."

Jesse is never afraid to "say boo to a goose," but in this case, no sooner had the solitary goose "hissed" than a chorus of cackling broke out somewhere in the greyness beyond, and several more shapes loomed through the fog, pointing defiantly at Jesse.

"Things were looking a bit thick—like the fog," said Jesse, recounting his adventure, "and way back it was like a crowd of voices talking, as the geese took the alarm."

Ordinarily, the geese would have sailed away at Jesse's approach, but the thick fog held them down. And in desperation they were determined to defend themselves against intruders rather than attempt to fly through that heavy wet blanket.

It may have been partly curiosity, but the geese came gathering forward and looking so formidably at Jesse that he

lost a desire for "gooseflesh," having suddenly got plenty of his own.

His one thought was how best to get away from the company without giving offence.

He stuck his stick in the ground and tied his "hand-catcher" (handkerchief) around it, and gently backed himself away into the fog.

He eventually got to his ditch, and while he dug away he could hear through the fog excited remarks as the geese gathered around the little red flag.

It was nearly noon before the fog lifted and turned from grey to a murky red, and a great cry of exultation rose from the marshes.

Daylight had come at last, and with orchestrated wings the geese rose in a body, filling the air with music as they passed overhead, at first looking perfectly black against the red sun, and then changing to silver-grey as they got above the sun's rays.

Jesse watched them pass over, and bade good-bye to his hopes of catching a wild goose either this Christmas or next.

But he enjoyed the laugh against himself—as always—when he recounted to his cronies at "The Plough" how he nearly caught a wild goose.

Read this before you buy a Camera

Derek Richards' Photo-Feature

ARE you getting a camera?

"What sort of camera shall I buy? Where shall I buy it? And how much shall I pay?" These questions are being asked almost daily. Let us deal with the money problem first. False ideas have kept many an interested onlooker from becoming an ardent enthusiast.

If you have a camera that will take a straightforward photo and yield a clear, sharp print (and any standard box camera will do this), you are equipped to take pictures worthy of exhibition in next year's Salon.

Your only limitation (we'll ignore the present film shortage) is that of your own ability.

By all means buy as good a camera as you can afford; a more expensive model will allow you to tackle shots under adverse conditions, indoor work, night and speed photos, and other more specialised subjects.

But don't feel discouraged if you remain the owner of a "five-bob box of blackness."

You'll have to be more careful in your choice of subject, but with good technique you'll get the picture you want—and it will be a good one.

Those who are prepared to pay a fair price for a camera have greater troubles. They must decide on a particular model, and they'll have many from which to choose.

First of all, decide what the camera is to be used for. Most people will think, "Oh, all sorts of pictures, holiday snaps, landscapes, and so on."

In other words, they want a general purpose camera, and in the opinion of the writer they are most likely to find satisfaction in the miniature variety.

Some may prefer a reflex (that may also be a miniature), and the advantage of being able to compose one's picture on a full-sized screen rather than through a tiny viewfinder or range-finder is not to be overlooked.

Nevertheless, there are few people who would deny the great advantages of the miniature as an all-round camera.

The photographer who advertised for an assistant

"... and of good physique," to carry his equipment around, went out in 18—, and the great thing in favour of a miniature is, of course, its pocket size.

In addition, I would mention three things. First comes the almost unlimited assortment of accessories (one such camera has over a thousand "gadgets" listed against it) which allow you to build gradually on your initial equipment as your interests widen, and, as is often a great consideration, as finance allows.

Secondly, when using sizes such as 35mm., film economy is considerable, and this is increased even further when film is bought in quantity and cut to length according to the number of exposures required.

advertising columns, or, better still, by personal contacts, frequently offers real bargains.

For this market photographic advertising journals and local newspapers are not so useful as the advice of someone who knows the ropes and can examine the camera for you.

In conclusion, here are half-a-dozen general tips on buying.

(1) Get a lens with as wide an aperture as you can afford (wider the aperture—smaller the "F number"—shorter the exposure. Average for box cameras F/16 or F/22; for cheap folding cameras F/11, and as the price rises it will reach F/8, F/4.5, etc.)

(2) See the lens is unscratched, clear, and untarnished.



Finally, if you decide to do your own processing, you'll appreciate the ease of working with the precision type of equipment marketed for popular miniature sizes.

Some of you may fancy a range-finder. You may have it already built in and coupled to your camera, in which case it is likely to add at least £5 on the cost of your camera, or you may buy an independent one for about 45s.

Both are luxuries, and pretty expensive ones, too, so if you are not prepared to talk that kind of money it's best to forget that these exist.

Alternatively, the second-hand market, approached via

(3) The shutter should have as wide a range of speeds as possible. An excellent all-round shutter is the Compur. It is fitted on many better-class folding cameras and miniatures, and has speeds ranging from one second to 1/250th.

(4) See that you have a good, clear viewfinder in a rigid mount.

(5) See the general structure of the camera is sturdy, and if there is a bellows, see that it is not worn at the edges.

(6) If possible, test the camera before buying it, by shooting off a film. Notice the definition and accuracy of the viewfinder.

Words for Music

THESE are the words you don't know (possibly) for the tunes you (probably) do. You'll like both words and music in sheets, and these are on their way to places for distribution among the musical exponents.

LIGHTS OUT 'TIL REVEILLE.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Words and music by Stanley Cowan and Bobby Worth.

Lights out 'til Reveille,
I dream the whole night
through.
Each night until Reveille,
I dream, my dear, of you.
I have your face before me,
The moments we're apart.
Lights out until Reveille,
I dream of you, Sweetheart.

AMOR, AMOR.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co. Lyric by Sunny Skylar; music by Gabriel Ruiz.

Amor, Amor, Amor,
This word so sweet,
That I repeat,
Means I adore you.

Amor, amor, my love,
Would you deny this heart
that I
Have placed before you?
I can't find another word with
meaning so clear,
My lips try to whisper sweeter
things in your ear,
But somehow or other nothing
sounds quite so dear,
As this soft caressing word I
know.

Amor, my love,
When you're away there is no
day.
And nights are lonely.
Amor, amor, my love,
Make life divine,
Say you'll be mine,
And love me only.
Amor, amor.

WAIT FOR ME, MARY.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co. By Charlie Tobias, Nat Simon and Harry Tobias.

He sat alone in the still of the
night,
With thoughts that were far
away;
He took a pen and he started
to write
Just what his heart had to say:

Wait for me, Mary, till the
world will smile again,
Till a smile's in style again,
And a dream's worth while
again;

Wait for me, Mary, by the
moonlit garden gate,
Where my heart and I would
wait for you.
There are so many things I
want to tell you,
Little words that I never told
before,
And I hope that it won't be
hard to sell you
All the dreams I have in store;
So wait for me, Mary, till the
world will sing again,
Till I bring my love again to
you.

NEVADA.

By courtesy of Southern Music Publishing Co. Words and music by Walter Donaldson and Mort Greene.

Out where the sunset is silver
and gold,
Out where the night is a sight
to behold,
We met, will you ever forget?

We lived a dream by a blue
mountain stream in Nevada.
Millions of stars were exclu-
sively ours that night.
Your heart was part of my
heart in the heart of Nevada.
Two lips divine were so wil-
lingly mine that night.
There on our hill-top with
nothing but Heaven around
us,

We lost ourselves in a heavenly
moonbeam 'til sunrise
found us.
We fell in love, oh! so madly
in love, in Nevada,
We lived a dream by a blue
mountain stream that night.

Teetotallers are safe, anyway

WHEN the floor comes up and hits you, or the missus packs her bag and again threatens to go home to mother; when you start picking quarrels with blokes twice your height, or stand double Scotchies to strangers—well, in these circumstances, you can be sure you've had one or two over the prescribed eight.

But, scientifically, it isn't always as simple as that. Dozens of times doctors and lawyers have argued whether a defendant is officially drunk. It's a thorny question, and a man's whole career and reputation may hang on the answer.

More than one crook has tried to get away with his freedom by pretending that he was drunk when he committed the crime. By taking samples of blood from a vein within an hour or two of the crime it is possible to show how much alcohol is in the blood stream.

Many a smart alibi of this kind has been blown sky-high by a little fluid in a test-tube. Of course, one man can take more alcohol than another and still remain sober. A scientist states quite seriously that if your blood contains 1.5 parts of alcohol to 1,000 units of blood you are officially "stinko." Yet hardened drinkers might absorb all this alcohol into their system and still solve "The Times" crossword puzzle!

A perfectly true story illustrates the drawbacks of rough-

and-ready deductions about sobriety.

Two cars collided, due to a driver who had lifted his elbow too often that evening. He saw his victim lying in the road, unconscious, and managed to revive him with a stiff peg of brandy. The victim was sitting up, half-dazed, in the road when the cops arrived. Without hesitation they pronounced him drunk and the guilty man quite sober!

A good on-the-spot test was tried out by a well-known London police surgeon. The suspect is asked quickly to blow up a football bladder, and the alcohol content is worked out. This won't always tell you when a man is drunk, but it will definitely put a sober chap in the clear.

Over in the States they have taken up this test in a big way. Motorists stopped by the speed-cops blow up a balloon, and the contents are smartly passed through a chemical solution. Cunning little gauges quickly tell the authorities the correct ratio of alcohol boiling in the speed fiend's blood at the critical time.

Most police surgeons have their pet methods of settling the knotty question. Many favour the old tongue-twister. It's by no means a satisfactory test. You may have difficulty in repeating "Methodist Episcopal" after three hours in "The Unicorn," but it doesn't prove you to be

incapable of driving your car homeward or even playing a very smooth game of darts.

There was a certain well-known public character taken in charge. He became so excited and indignant that he "fluffed" the tongue-twister very badly. Still protesting his sobriety, he offered to recite a whole passage of Greek verse. He was word-perfect, and got away with it. Yet he had stumbled over "truly rural!"

Other tests open to doubt are those which require a suspect to stand on tiptoe or walk a white line. I know many weighty chaps who never touch a drink, yet couldn't toe a line to save their lives.

And there are other types—athletes particularly—who have had more than the official ratio of alcohol in their blood, and managed to toe that line as gracefully as a ballet dancer. As for the tongue-twister test, there used to be a certain music-hall star who always went on the stage in a most exuberant condition.

He was too smart to drive a car on those evenings, and would doubtless have buckled every lamp-post in sight. But the way he put over complicated lyrics—which would have defied a sober amateur—would have given a police surgeon plenty to think about.

The blood test for drunkenness is becoming more and more popular, but the whole

business is still in its infancy.

Meanwhile, scientists are collecting plenty of data on this important subject. They have proved that a fat bloke can hold his liquor better than a thin one, on the average.

One interesting test showed that whisky intoxicated more quickly than the same amount of alcohol taken in stout, but that the effects of the whisky passed off more quickly.

Why? Because the stout took longer to drink.

If you're hauled off to the "cooler" and are certain that you're as sober as a judge, you can always ask for your own doctor to come over and examine you.

But don't jump to the conclusion that all police surgeons are eager to pronounce you drunk.

One medico put a man through various tests, but couldn't quite make up his mind. He was a sport, and decided on a trial run in his own car!

The suspect was given the wheel, and drove perfectly, though he had failed to score top marks in other tortures. He was given his hat, coat and liberty that same night.

In the days to come, when we shall see family cars instead of Jeeps on our roads, some of the blood tests now being worked out may give us the ideal formula.

As yet, however, the teetotaler is the only safe man!

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

They said . . .

Tender-handed stroke a
nettle,
And it stings you for your
pains;
Grasp it like a man of
mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
Aaron Hill
(1685-1750).

O for a beaker full of the
warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful
Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles wink-
ing at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth.
Keats.

Physicians of all men are
most happy; what good suc-
cess soever they have,
the world proclaimeth, and what
faults they commit, the
earth covereth.
Francis Quarles
(1592-1644).

SO THIS IS NORTH BURMA!

YES, NOW WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

ARE WE ANYWHERE NEAR DIVISION HEADQUARTERS?

15 30

PARDON ME—WE'VE BEEN TOLD TO REPORT TO GENERAL STILWELL; OLD VINEGAR JOE. YOU KNOW, CAN YOU DIRECT US?

CERTAINLY! I AM "VINEGAR JOE"

YOU ARE VINEGAR JOE—ER—PARDON—I-I MEAN GENERAL STILWELL?

PLEASE FORGIVE ZOLA, SIR. SHE'S NOT VERY BRIGHT

SHE LOOKS DAZZLING TO ME!

YOU'VE COME FROM CEYLON—EH? WELL, SIT DOWN. BUT, FIRST, MEET MAJOR GENERAL LIAO—A GREAT GUY...

MAJOR GENERAL LIAO—FAMOUS COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE 22ND?

MY HONOUR, MISS ZOLA

...WELL, THAT'S THE SITUATION IN NORTH BURMA TODAY: THE MOST FANTASTIC WAR IN THE WORLD. TOMORROW, RYAN, MY PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER WILL TAKE YOU TO THE FRONT. BUT YOU, YOUNG LADY, CANNOT GO!

THE AMERICAN ARMY ACCREDITS WOMEN WAR REPORTERS BUT LEAVES INDIVIDUAL COMMANDERS TO DECIDE WHERE THEY MAY GO. AND I SAY YOU DON'T GO WITH MR. RYAN TO THE FRONT

THE JAP IS MOST UNGALLANT WITH WOMEN PRISONERS...AND IT'S NO USE USING THOSE EYES ON ME, YOUNG LADY!

IT'S NOT FAIR!

PIPE DOWN AND LET ME FINISH THIS STORY! HOW D'YOU SPELL MYTKYINA?

MITCH-IN-AH. NOT 'AW! AND I STILL SAY IT ISN'T FAIR!

C246

I'M CAPTAIN JONES—YOUR CONDUCTING OFFICER. ALL SET, MR. RYAN?

LEAD ON, CAPTAIN

THIS IS OUR TRUCK. WE SHOULD REACH THE FRONT BY TONIGHT IF THESE END-OF-THE-SEASON MONSOON RAINS HAVEN'T CAUSED ANY MORE FLOODS AND LANDSLIDES

GOOD

WE'RE GOING TO BUILD THIS LEDO ROAD RIGHT THROUGH TO CHINA WITH A PIPE-LINE ALONGSIDE IT ALL THE WAY

A PIPE-LINE FROM INDIA TO CHINA? THAT'S NEWS

WELL, THIS TIME I REALLY HAVE LEFT ZOLA BEHIND, CAPTAIN

SHE'S A BIT SORE AT OLD VINEGAR JOE, I GUESS

GOOSH—WHO WRECKED THESE VEHICLES?

THEY WERE ABANDONED BY FLEEING BURMA REFUGEES IN 1942. FIFTH COLUMNISTS HALTED THEM SAYING "THE JAPS ARE AROUND THE CORNER". AND THEY FELL FOR IT!

AND THE JAPS WERE NOWHERE NEAR?

NOT WITHIN MILES, RYAN... GOLDARN THESE MOSQUITOES. THEY'RE THE WORST IN THE WORLD!

I FIGURED THAT I HEARD TWO OF 'EM TALKING AS THEY BIT ME LAST NIGHT. ONE SAID: "SHALL WE EAT HIM HERE OR TAKE HIM AWAY?"

C248

AND THE OTHER SAID: "BETTER DRAG HIM INTO THE JUNGLE BEFORE THE BIG MOSQUITOES SNATCH HIM FROM US!"

THAT SURE WAS A BUMPY TRIP, RYAN!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

ZOLA

SHE'S A STOWAWAY, COLONEL. I'LL SEND HER BACK TO H.Q. ON THE FIRST TRUCK

THERE ARE NONE GOING BACK TILL TOMORROW—I'M GLAD TO SAY

SHE'S THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN MY BOYS HAVE SEEN FOR SIX MONTHS, RYAN

MONTHS, COLONEL. LISTEN—WHAT'S THAT?

POP-POP-POP-POP CRACK

C249

By J. S. Newcombe—

Here is a case of real austerity. Someone who heard it told me. In a crowded bus the conductor grimly eyed a row of five people. "Room for another lady there," he said, "you're all much too comfortable."

Good Morning



Sway, swing, and sweet singing: that's the way to enjoy yourself on Waikiki.



Gathered together for the "lua"—that's a beanfeast to you.



Pounding up the "Poi," the sweet root of the Taro plant, Hawaii's favourite night meal.

WHO'S WHO IN HULA-HULA

Here are close-ups of Hawaiian Poi and Hula, Island customs which not even the machine age can streamline.



The grace and lissom beauty of the young Hawaiian maiden are proverbial. What, don't you know your proverbs?



"Tere hi'o ia'u vahine"—"Don't be shy, look at me," is what this bloke's singing. And just you look at that look.



The end of a perfect Hawaiian day. Feasting, dancing, laughter and love, that's what Poi and Hula mean.